THIS IS WHY

Some go smiling through the gray it me, Under makest, soughest bowers; Some go mourning all the May time, Mid the Laughing beaves and flowers, Why is this, How Dies. Gray Blies
Comes to kies Winter gray?
Why, ah! why
Doth Sorrow sigh
On the lap of lovely May?

Heapy Love, with song and smilling.
Through the withered woodland goes;
Hapless Love inthe no hegalling
From the redirected of the ross.
This is why
Woods may sigh,
Flowers (its and hearts be gay:
This that
The pilnons pass
That leaves as nourning all the May.
—Alfred Graces, in Littell's Laving Age.

A ROMANCE OF AVENUE A.

Tun noblest place that man can die PART I.—THE INTRODUCTION.

A genuine metropolitan Bohemian ees so many different qualities of humanity and mixes in so many different strata of society, that romances are ev-ery-day episodes in his eventful and

what he has beared has soered him, which is easy staying below. The second of the second is not been always and more and began and somewhat erratic career, and I therefore make no applogy or explanation for the following traging sears, which for the following traging sears, which is the following traging traging sears, and the following in the traging traging sears and the search of the following traging search that the search is the search of the following traging search that the search is the search of the following traging search is the search of the following search is the search of the following search is the search of the following traging search is the search of the following search is the search o

esty in their every flash. Patsy was a member of the corner "gang," and frequently came home much the worse for liquor, which grieved his old mother sorely. She was a blunt, plain-spoken woman, 60 years old, fat, and much given to a "weakness" in all parts of her body, which prevented the possibility of labor. So she was content to sit by the window all day long knitting at a never-finished blue woolen stocking. Her "byes" were very good to her. Teddy gave her all his earnings. Patsy most all. Teddy was the reverse of his brother. He was six feet in his socks, finely proportioned, handsome. His eyes

I never tired of it. It was very evident at once, while the lock itself is fifteen to me that Patsy Horley admired the feet long by six feet and six inches wide, allowing for the passage, in case of nesafely locked in his great big heart, and cossity, of thirty men at once, only took it out at odd moments when he thought no one would notice the the shaft that morning Patsy. treasure to gloat over it and adore it his brother and whispe and worship it as his mother did the figure of the Virgin at the head of her bed. I don't suppose the honest fellow ever dreamed that his love was returned.

"It's a quare feelin' I have in me this mornin', Teddy. May the blissed Vorgin protect us from harm."

Teddy laughed. "It's the pwhisky." How could be when he so blindly worshiped the superior physical gifts of his young brother. For Patsy was very fash that fell from his brother's great proud of handsome Teddy, and never gray orbs. Afterwards that look haunted tired of praising him. Alice, with a him, and made the misery of life all the intuition, saw the noble in harder to bear.

haracter, and although Teddy's and fine dress and "flowers" and the work of excavation moved along and the work of excavation moved along and the work of excavation moved along the same of Patsy's character, and although Teddy's good looks and fine dress and "flowers"

poem, when Alice Layne tripped up the discovered just too late, might easily stairs and entered her apartments. I heard her singing softly to herself as she made preparations for supper, and, mismanthrope that I am, envied her that any envised her that through every measure of the song. I meant death! was brooding over the melancholy past, was brooding over the melancholy past, when a heavy footstep sounded on the stairs and Patsy Horley, in his rough working clothes, and a little under the influence of liquor, opened the door of the room adjoining mine and threw himself heavily on the bed. He got up directly, opened a little window over the door which separated the two rooms, took a drink of water and lay down again. It may be well to mention that this chamber was a dark room, and was apartment. A few minutes after this Teddy Horley bounded up the steps and entered the living room, which was between the dark chamber and his mother's bedroom. Finding his mother absent, he crossed the holl.

Alter a moment's silence he cleared his
throat and began:
"Did ye hear what she said?"
"Yes, Patsy," I replied.
"An' do ye belaive she manes it?"
he continued, eagerly.
"I have no doubt of it."

Every reader of the Free Fress has heard of the terrible tunnel disaster, the details of which electrified the whole country. Teddy and Patsy Horley were employed in the tunnel as laborers, and worked side by side in the same relief. The morning of my last interview with poor Patsy, they went to their work as usual, and for the first time in their lives spoke never a word of kindly cheer or brotherly badinage as they walked swiftly through the streets. The better to make plain what follows, it will be necessary to say that the entrance to the tunnel proper, on the New York side, is brother. He was six feet in his socks, timely proportioned, handsome. His eyes were black, his hair and mustache bark brown, but curly. He was considerable of a daudy and "dressed up" every night after work. There was a deep night after work. There was a deep night after work. There was a deep affection existing between these brothers. They loved each other, and this devotion was apparent in every act of their lives.

Miss Alice Layne was, as I have before stated, a lonely little maiden, pretty, and with a tender heart, susceptible to the slightest variation of life's compass. Less than a week after taking up my quarters in the front room I Miss Alice Layne was, as I have before stated, a lonely little maided, pretty, and with a tender heart, susceptible to the slightest variation of life's compass. Less than a week after taking up my quarters in the front room I made a discovery. Alice Layne was in love with Patsy Horley and Teddy Horley was in love with Patsy Horley and Teddy Horley was in love with Alice Layne. It was an interesting study to watch the varieties of the constant of the street of the lock, only one of which can be opened at once, while it was a voice and the sum of the sum o

As they were preparing to go down the shaft that morning Patsy turned to

gray orbs. Afterwards that look haunted him, and made the misery of life all the

good looks and fine dress and "flowers" made an impression upon her it was only a transitory one, which vanished as soon as she caught sight of Patsy's big, homely face and honest gray eyes. Like all good-looking men, Teddy Horsey was just the least bit conceited, and he imagined that it was only necessary to declare his passion to find himself in Teddy in the second. The men returnal standard and activate the second. The men returnal transitions are second to the second. The men returnal transitions are second to the second to the second. The men returnal transitions are second to the second to t undisturbed possession of Alice's heart.

One warm afternoon I was lying on a lock and the others had quit their posts lounge in my room, endeavoring to interest myself in the "Light of Asia." that if they had delayed this for even a meighbor, and I was nedding over the happened, for the fatal leak, which was room, when Alice Layne triped up the discovered just too late, might easily the discovered into the proper was the might easily the discovered into the proper was the might easily the discovered into the proper was the might easily the mig

"Back and stop the lenk!" shouted what you can for the rest of us!

necessarily imperfect. It was intended to make all secure with a three-foot wall entered the living-room, which was between the dark chamber and his mother's bedroom. Finding his mother absent, he crossed the hall and knocked at Miss Layne's door. The little maiden hoshed her song and opened it.

"Oh, Teddy, it's you, is it?" she said.

"Sure it is, swateness. Who also could it be?"

"It thought it was Patsy," she said, tantalizingly.

Then there was a struggle, a citied scrum, and a smack, smack of lips.

The noise disturbed tipsy Patsy, and he roes for the second structured tipsy Patsy, and he roes form his bed and opened the door entering into the hallway. The scuffle outside continued and there was more smacking. Presently Alice cried:

"Oh, Teddy Horley, you're perfectly, horrid, and I don't like you one bit, there?"

"Now, darlim!" began Teddy.

"Boa't darlim! mis. I don't like you. You are better looking and finer dressed than Patsy, but he is a thousand lines better than you."

"Perhaps ye're in airnest," said Teddy, a little passonately, "There's many a thrue work spoken in jest."

"Well, I am in earnest, I do like patsy and in bear were the work of the men. All works when the year and the open air how, you have the truth."

Then the door was slammed, and I heard Teddy walking slowly beite into his mother's groom. Presently there came a knock at my door, and when the rise work in the surpress of the stant. He sat down, and I saw that many and the delay walking slowly beite into his mother's groom. Presently there came a knock at my door, and when the rise was no longer pressure the was taken out of the rise was no longer pressure the wast taken out of the least. He was conscious, and his fellow working and in the delay walking slowly beite into his mother's groom. Presently there came a knock at my door, and when the war to be the rise was no longer pressure the wast taken out of the rise was no longer pressure the wast taken out of the shall, the was conscious, and his fellow working the proportion of unfinished work. The electic what he had heard had sobered him. After a moment's sleene he cleared him. After a moment's sleene he cleared

Superintendent sharply.
The men sprang forward, and Patsy reached his great freekled hand through

"Good-bye, Teddy," he said chokingly. "Tell the mother I died loike a brave man. An'—Alice—"

He could say no more, and in a moment the men had patched the crack in the door with their clothes, and the rap-id increase of the water was checked. "Can you pray?" whispered the Su-perintendent, as his hand tightened on

"Blessed Mary, save us!" sobbed the Teddy ran so the bull's eye and looked through. He saw the Superintendent and his brother standing side by side peering in at him. The faces of both men were pale, and were only a few feet above the water that gurgled about them. He heard Patsy's muttered prayer, and a deep groan burst from his

Patsy, brother!" he shouted. Patsy smiled, and nodded his head.
"Be kind to Alice," he said, and then, raising his voice, shouted "Break open the outside brill's eye!"

"Yes, knock out the bull's eye; knock it out, I say," commanded the stern voice of the Superintendent.

The men in the air lock knew that to obey this order meant sudden and sure death to their commander these death to their commander that

death to their companions, and they hesitated. Again it come: " Knock out the bull's eye!" and then

the stern voice of the Superintendent faltered a little as it added, "and do What you can for the rest of us!"

Blow upon blow fell upon the thick glass, and was answered from the outside by two men who had by this time arrived with crowbars. The glass flew out and the cold air rushed in.

"God take us to him and protect our wife and bables!" mutared the Spran.

wife and babies!" muttered the Superintendent, and his hand closed tighter

upon the bed, and a doctor ministered to his sufferings. The wails of the poor mother were beart-rending. Patsy had been lying with his eyes closed, but he finally opened them and asked for Teddy. The brother konit by the bodside and great soles shook his frame.

"Ban mon, Teddy," whisparred Patsy.

"Stod for Alice and the praiste!"

When the little shirt-maker was led weaping into the room, Patsy asked that they be left alone, and over that has interview let us draw a well. Finally some one stole into the room and found them chapped in each other's arms.

and this was an unlucky move, for half an hour later the dog's owner brought the can back and tried to thrash Mr. the san back and tried to threat air.

Brick for abusing his dog, the result being arrests and lines. Then Brick was thoroughly aroused, and he took the can and sunk it off a dock. The next day when he entered his car, there stood something done up in a paper that he knew to be his can, and he kicked it sixty fast into the kir and had to pay \$50. ty feet into the air and had to pay \$30 for the valuable bird in the cage. Then he felt sure that he was rid of the thing, but a diver happened to find it and got thumped on the head for returning it. Then Brick took the can home and at night filled it with dynamite and ex-ploded it. The people in the neighbor-hood, who were violently hurled from their beds by the shock, were quite in-digmant, and when they found out what

ters is the woodsman. Now and then he makes his presence evident by acts one of last winter, when, my 150 of his comrades, he rode at night to Golden, took the Hayward murderers from the jail, and left them hanging to a convenient bridge; but he soon re-lapses into his former obscurity. His individuality is as genuine as that of the cattle man or miner, from whose ranks his are often, for various reasons, recruited. Dense growths of pine cov-ered, and in many places still cover, the greater part of the mountains. Here the lumber mills were placed, and here the woodcuter made his home in de-fence of law. The treasment of timber flance of law. The treatment of timber lands can bardly be regarded as suc-cessful in this part of the world. No cussion in this part of the world. No man could legally cut wood or secure title to his claim if he settled on this land. It lay there, the paradise of squatters, the secure abode of lawlessness. Government not being willing to sell it or give it away, the sovereign ople took the matter into their own hands. Needing wood, they took it, and if a valuable piece was "jumped" some one might count on being shot. Occaunily an over-zealeds supporter of Government or the railroad companies would prosecute the offenders, thirty or fifty at a time, for violation of the tim-ber laws. No jury was ever found to convict these men, and, on their reease, they took care to make things a hot for the informer that he left the country or kept silence for the future. Had the lands been offered for sale they would have found ready purchasers, but the plan of withholding them has led to much careless destruction of their

The woodsman's wants are few. His og cabin is built in a few days, a big ireplace saves the expense of a stove, a ew boards natied to the wall make bedstead, boxes take the place of turni-ture, and two of three shelves support the kitchen implements. When he has all these he considers himself a man of property, and entitled to look for a wife. N. F. Sun.

PITH AND POINT.

A NEW HART-HIBE Postmaster has been reprimanded for using leather mail-bags to eatth rain-water in.

SARA BEHNHARDT has ordered fortyseven different tollets for her American engagement. American women who don't know a word of French will have no difficulty in understanding them.— Cincinnati Commercial. You may set it down as a settled fact

that the boy who doesn't feel like break-ing the last pane of glass left in the window of an old house will grow up to be a milk-and-water man.—betroit Free

"Goon morning," - remarked two

"Yes, inddie, full as it can bold—just like our house."

"Yes, haddie, full as it can bold—just like our house."

"How it spatters and bolls over, mamm."

"How it spatters and bolls over, mamm."

"It he p" asked the barkeeper. "Well, I'll take a Haa-cocktail," said one. "Give me a el-Gar-field," said the other. And then they both laughed and said it was a very good joke.—Albany Journal.

Masy a father's pride is shocked and many a mother's heart bleeds a little as their boy "up at grandpa's" writes his little scrawl home, "This is the bos plac, I lik living hear better than to home," and they inwardly own never to be harsh with the little fellow when he comes back. Make home the "boss" place for your children, even if they seem to be "boss" of it.—New Hucen liteyster.

Eventy paper we take up tells us that the Duchess of Edinburgh has had the masales. These king folks are bound to have every thing that is going; that's true enough, but they needn't be so all-fired stock up about it. Guess some of us on this side the water have had just as good an article of measles as the Duchess.—Norration Herald.

The Concord philosophers in discussion have tackled "History of Philosophy," After they get through with that they will wrestle with "The Philosophy of History." This will lead buck to the starting point. It was ever thus since at first chased their own tails in search of information.—N. O. Picaysne.

He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local elec-tion. Said he "Loopes is a rood west and the land. She took down her bare to good an article of measles as the Duchess.—Norration Herald.

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He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local elec-tion. Said he "Loopes is a rood well and the pattern and the pa

of thistory. This will feed these to the starting point. It was ever thus since cats first chased their own tails in search of information.—N. O. Picaysne.

His was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he, "Jones is a good man; he is capable, honest, fearless and conscientions. He will make the very kind of an officer we need here in Galveston.

He once saved my life from drowning."
"Do you really want to see Jones elected of indeed. I'd do any thing to see him elected." "Then never let any body know he saved your life." The meeting then adjourned.—Galveston Xees.

A North German Village.

The village of Y—— is only one of the thousands with which the country is literally peppered. It possesses most of the qualities, good, bad and otherwise, which they share in common, at least in this province. At a distance they are picturesque; but if one desires to preserve one's iliusions, one must not come to on ear. They do look will in pictures—rude cottages, fifthy puddles and all; but then artists can not, and would not, paint the smells. This particular village consists of a handred or so small cottages, built of rough stone, the old thatched with straw, the new with tiles.

They are not unsightly in themselves, especially in summer, nestling in oracle and the start of the qualities, good, that and the carry, drays, carriages, that clamp. clamped over the stony street. He liked this, and erooned over to him said; but then artists can not, and would not, paint the smels. This particular village consists of a handred or so small cottages, built of rough stone, the old that there could be no cool ready the story of the quality in themselves, especially in summer, nestling in oracle and the bady of the dear of the quality in themselves, especially in summer, nestling in oracle and the start and start she will be a country in the summer of the quality in the summer of the quality in the sum of the qualit village consists of a hundred or so small cottages, built of rough stone, the old thatched with straw, the new with tiles. They are not unsightly in themselves, especially in summer, nostling in orchards, hedges and gardens, but their surroundings are abominable. Before each door is a huge dung-hill (mit Respect 21 asgen), where Bens and swins dispute the territory, and evil-smelling groen puddles, where geese, ducks and dirty children whose hair is bleached white with exposure to the sun, paddle together in placid bliss from morn till dewy ove. So far from trying to keep such necessary adjuncts of agricultural such necessary adjuncts of agricultural life as dung-hills, etc., etc., out of sight, as isour American custom, they are here given the place d'honneur, and I fancy the family pretensions to rank are gauged in accordance with the more or less rapid accumulations of these manyer heans. accumulations of these manure heaps.

Old men and women, beyond more active service, sit in the door-ways and keep the feathered and unfeathered bipeds within bounds. Their faces are brown and wrinkled, like dried pears, their bodies bent and shriveled, but their tonemes way vigorously, and they knit. tongues wag vigorously, and they knit incessantly, both sexes, upon coarse woolen socks. There is no church at Y—, the people attending service at a neighboring village. The dignitary of the place seemed to be the school-master, whose cottage was distinguishable from the rest by an air of america pest. from the rest by an air of superior neatness and the presence of a pretty garden full of well-cared-for flowers. There is here, as in all villages, a green where the peasants meet for recreation, windtills on every little hill-top, and a well-lled, dreary old churchyard, which for parrenness would vie with any New England country burying-ground. There are no shops, not even a bakery, all purchases being made in the distant town.

—Allantic Monthly.

A Strange Irish Disease. Our rest over, we prepared for our beat round the hill sides, first, at the carnest entreaty of one of our followers, backed by Wheelan, placing a piece of bread in our pockets. "Never mind, sure your honor might want it agen the 'four gurthe,' explained the man. The 'four gurthe' is by no means an imaginary complaint. When walking in the mountains the strongest man is lisable to its attack. The person unlucky enough to fall under its influence becomes suddenly faint and mable to get of weath. Bower wideling in the mountains the strongest man is lisable to its attack. The person unlucky enough to fall under its influence becomes suddenly faint and mable to get of weath. Bower wideling the marble. Quite contased able to its attack. The person unlicky enough to fall under its influence becomes suddenly faint and unable to walk. One mouthful of food restores his strength at once. If no food is taken he dies in a few hours. The person attacked may not have been hungry at the time; he may have eaten but a short time before; but if he is seized with the faintness he must eat or die. I know one man whose life was saved by finding in his nocket a few crumbs of eater or once dinner; in welfa. ing in his pocket a few crumbs of oaten | so much dinner in my life." cake. The name is composed of two Irish words—fear, grass, and gurth, hunger: the country people believing that the complaint is induced by walkng on an unknown plant to which they give the name hungry-grass .- St. James

Rapld Couriship at Saratoga. A YOUNG gentleman from New York

aw a certain young lady at one of othian's morning concerts and fell des-erately in love with her; he sought perately in love with her; he sought her name, and subsequently an introducing duction, courted her diligently for two days, and upon the third was able to introduce her as his affianced wife. The gentleman is very fine-looking, but comparatively poor, while the lady is really one of the handsomest that has been seen here this summer, and, besides being the child of very wealthy purents, is said to be as modest and amiable as she is beautiful. The lady also resides in New York and has been summering with her parents at the Grand Union, but her lover's finances compelled him to take a less pretentious place, and be is a guest at one of the smaller hotels. We are in possession of the names of the parties, but are requested not to make them public.—

Saradoge Sun.

Metropolis Hotel first opened to the public? How should he know that here were all the mighty men of the city—the public? How should he know that here were all the mighty men of the city—the public? How should he know that here were all the mighty men of the city—the public? How should he know that here were all the mighty men of the city—the public? How should he know that here were all the mighty men of the city—the public? How should he know that here were all the mighty men of the city—the public? How should he know that here were all the mighty men of the city—which here is a certain journal in Paris called Le Triboulst. It was founded by a certain vealthy nobleman—the beam have simple as chief with their wives, met together by invitation to celebrate the delication dinter? You see, they had not invited Bonny: nobody expected him; so at Baron Harden-Hickey—who has lately been expelled from France for satirization to celebrate the delication dinter? You see, they had not invited Bonny: nobody noticed him as he slipped that Bouny had to walk up to room to find a place. A queer hush fell on the latter should always appeared would have appeared weet all the mighty men of the city—who had had a certain pounded by a certain pounded by a certain pounded b

Our Young Folks.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

"Moir, per the flertie on, Moir, put the settle on, Moir, but the kettle on." Well all take tes. Thus sang the cheerful mother of the Donald family, as she set the kettle of potatoes over the fire to boil for break-fast. The kettle was a tight fit for so many potatoes, and Bonny, looking on with interest from his high chair by the fire, remarked:

s, remarked: · Full, mamma; ain't it?' · Yes, isddie, full as it can hold—just like our house. "How it spatters and boils over, mamma".
"And our house spatters and boils

"But, please, I am so hungry! May
I have disner?"

I have disner?"

Before the lady could answer, a stout
gentleman came hurrying up.

"Well, well, let's see about this," he
began, in a rollicking tone. "Shake
lands, little stranger. So you came to
my dinner, did you?"

Bonny and the taby would be left
alone with the mother. Then, shutting
the door after the last, she would say:
"Bo you see how they all boil away,
Bonny?" and she would sing merrily as
she scrubbed, swept and cocked.

She did not sing so often after father
Donald fell one day and broke a leg.

"But, please, I am so hungry! May
I have disner?"

Before the lady could answer, a stout
gentleman came hurrying up.

"Well, well, let's see about this," he
began, in a rollicking tone. "Shake
lands, little stranger. So you came to
my dinner, did you?"

Bonny dropped his head. He was
rather afraid of the loud-voiced man;
but the lally whom he was not afraid
of sald, re-assuringly. "This is the
man who gives the dinner, little one;
this is his house; he'll be very good to
you, never fear."

So Bismy looked up then, and replied, simply, "I came; I was hungry,
and I came."

The host cleared his throst, and said,
heartily, while he patied Bonny's euris.

off in the direction he had seen his mother take, with short, nipping steps, like a meditative chickshiddy's. He had not a doubt that he should come to some member of his numerous family before long, but meanwhile he was thinking has of that than of the sights

hungry—I'm so hungry!"

While he stared with all his longing eyes, he heard these words spoken louily right by his side, "Come on then; we shall be sure of a good dinner."

tall black hats were striding by, and one, as he spoke, clapped the other on the shoulder. The invitation was not the shoulder. The invitation was not meant for Bonny at all. But that did not make any difference to him. He simply received the idea that if he fol-lowed these two men he should get to a dinner. So he pressed sturdily after them. He had to walk fast, and some-times he amost lost sight of them in

By this time he also became aware of a cheerful clatter of dishes and voices; and following the sound across the wide hall, he pushed open a great door that stood half ajar.

Sure enough, there before him lay table after table, adorned with spotless linen, and spread temptingly not only with flowers and fruit, but with pleaty

How should little Bonny know that this was the day when the grand new Metropolis Hotel first opened to the public! How should he know that here

a very clear voice, "A want unner,

Bonny glanced round him. He thought everybody looked pleased, and catching the eye of a lady who bent to-ward him, he smiled back a shy, friend-

This lady was the first to speak to

him. She crossed eagerly over and said, "May I sit beside you, dear? I knew a little boy once with yellow hair like yours."

Bonny never noticed that she had "I like your hair best," he answered, half timidly, half frankly. The lady's hair was very dark, and she wore in it a splendid yellow flower.

"But, please, I am so hungry! May I have dienee?"

I have dinner?

heartily, while he patted Bonny's curis, "Well, I didn't expect you, that's a fact, but we'll give you just as good a dinner, for all that, A dinner?-I'll warrant you we will; and upon my word, ladies and gentlemen, I rather think the Metropolis Hotel is honored

Never, never had Bonny imagined such a dinner as he ate that day. The lady who sat by his side cut up the chicken, and helped him choose among the lavish dainties that the host kept institute on having brought for him to taste.

taste.

Hungry? It seemed to Bonny that he never in this world could be hungry again.

His innocent heart ran over, and he

told his new friend, the lady, all she asked him about his sick father, his tirul mother, the little tenement that was like the kettle that all boiled away, was like the kettle that all boiled away, and the big family that erammed it so full when gathered together. But one thing neither the lady, nor her hasband, who filled Boany's pocket with pennies, nor the host, could succeed in finding out from him.

This was where the little fellow be-

ome. Street and number he knew naught Street and number he knew naught about. What was his name? "Boony Laddie," His father's name? "Oh, John." What kind of work did his father do? "Oh, nothing father is sick." He had no clear ideas associated with any calling except with Nickie's, as they found by questioning.

That Nickie peddied papers, and that Bonny would when he was bigger, he was very positive about.
"Well, then," suggested the host, "we'll try the newsboys. We'll just have Laddie standing by the door when they go past, and maybe he can pick out this brother of his from the lot."

The company satfora long time round the tables. Bonny kept still, listening and wondering, though he understood little of the speeches and the teasts. Once all eyes were again turned to-

A gentleman rose and said, "Ladies and gentleman rose and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to propose the health of the first guest of the Metropolis Hotel, who, though uninvited, has given the patriarch of this palace the privilege of entertaining an angel unwares."

But Bonny answered nothing to the *

some member of his numerous family before long, but meanwhile he was thinking Ress of that than of the sights by the way. Two boys were racing velocipedes. To Bonny that was a splendid sight.

"I wist I had a velchorsipede," he whispered, with a bensive air.
On and on he plodded, blissfully bewildered, absorbed in these enchanting visions, until he found himself before a caterer's show window, tempting with crisp loaves of bread, daintity frosted cakes, and unspeakable cookies, tarts, lellies.

"Oh my! oh my!" cried Bonny, beginning at last to remember that he was nobedy but a little hungry boy, "I'm hungry—I'm so hungry!"
While he stared with all his longing eyes, he heard these words spoken louily right by his side, "Come on then; we shall be sure of a good dinner."

Bonny turned round. Two men in

Astonished Nickle, who had not been Bonny turned round. Two men in home since morning, could scarcely behis little brother through the dusk, the fog, and the rain-drops that now began to fall. However, he could answer all to fail. However, he could answer an the questions that Laddle had been unable to satisty, and in a very short interval a carriage had been summoned, the host had stowed away in it a capacious basket hastily filled with choice remnants from the feast, and Bonny Laddle was relified toward his home to Laddie was rolling toward his home in charge of the gentle stranger lady and

The stranger lady, promising Bonny to come again, made haste to go away, but before going she had time to wonder at something she saw. Why did Bonny's tired but blithe-looking mother give the lady's husband such a sad, al-most fearful, look? Why did he seem confused, and going over to the sick man, said, "I will reconsider that mat-ter, John. You may rest easy?"

ter, John. You may rest easy?"
Afterward she understood, When
John's master had that afternoon curtly refused Mrs. Donald's petition, and
let her go away disuppointed and distressed, her pationt waiting and her
earnest pleading having been in vain,
he had considered himself right, from
the stand-noint of his own interest. he and considered aimself right, from the stand-point of his own interest. But then he had known nothing of the clean, crowded household, and nothing of this vellow-haired laidis who re-minded him of another little yellowhaired laddie who had been taken from him.—Ella M. Baker, in Harper's Young People.

WHEN poor General Sutter first made his momentous discovery on the banks of the Sacramento many things that have since happened would have ap-peared simply fabulous. Take this for